

The Historie of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince,

Prin. What standst thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreuengd; I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: *Turke Gregorie* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getst not my Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in tha case?

Fal. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will Sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to iest and dally now.

He throwes the Bottle at him.

Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *Sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which, if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Scene 3.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry*, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster, goe you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp,
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends.

King. I will do so; my L. of *Westmerland* lead him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

Henry the fo

The Prince of Wales from such a Field
Where staine Nobilitie lies troder
And Rebels Armes triumph in ma

John. Wee breath too long, com
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiud
I did not thinke thee Lord, of such
Before I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Jo*
But now I doe respect thee as my S

King. I saw him hold Lord *Percy*
With iustier maintenance then I d
Of such an vngrowne Warriar.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall

Doug. Another King, they grow
I am the *Douglas* fatal to all those
That weare these colours on them
That counterfeits the person of a

King. The King himselfe, who
So many of his shadowes thou hast
And not the very King: I haue tw
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about th
But seeing thou fallest on me so luck
I will assay thee, and defend thy sel

Doug. I feare thou art another C
And yet in fayth thou bearest thee
But mine I am sure thou art, who e
And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in dang
Prin. Hold vp thy head vile S
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spir
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are
It is the *Prince of Wales*, that threate
Who neuer promiseth, but he mean

They fight, Douglas flye
Cheerely my Lord, how fares your
Sir Nicholas Gansley hath for succou
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* s

King. Stay, and breath a while,

K. 2